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# THE TATLER.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

N 58.—N. S.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1832. PRICE TWO PENCE.

## THE BLACK SNAKE.

### A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

It was harvest-time. The golden corn waved in the fields, and every one in the settlement was joyfully reaping the fruits of his labour. Suddenly a wild and distant yell was borne along upon the air. The men flew to arms, and the women and children retreated in the greatest dismay to a large fortified barn—for well they knew that their implacable foes, the red Indians, were upon them!

As many preparations for defence were made as the brief interval allotted to us before the attack of the enemy, would allow. A number of sheep were slain and conveyed into the barn for provisions, as well as sacks of corn, and gunpowder. The felled trees were dragged around the building as additional security; each rifle was loaded, and every heart beat high in expectation of the coming strife. All was hushed, save the warbling of birds and the distant rush of waters. At length, emerging from a wood, a tribe of Indians armed with guns and tomahawks, advanced with fearful rapidity and energy towards our little citadel. Having allowed them to approach within a few yards, a sharp volley stretched a dozen of them on the green sod. Enfuriated, their companions rushed to the assault, but were met with undaunted courage at the point of the sword and pike. Again, and a third time, with loud yells they urged one another forward, but in vain. Our hold, thanks to the palisades and our courage, was impregnable. They retreated out of gun shot, and collected in knots as if in deep consultation. Their chief, a tall and most powerful man, seemed to be discussing some point with great warmth. He made use of violent action, and pointed repeatedly to us with his tomahawk. Judging by his manner, that he was encouraging his followers to another attack, we prepared ourselves to give them as warm a reception as possible. Two of us only had been slightly wounded in all the preceding conflicts, and we were still confident in our own strength.

Our expectations were fulfilled. Headed by the aforesaid chief, the enemy came to the attack with renewed vigour, while their shrill war-whoops caused the echoes to ring again. To single out this chief was the office allotted to me and another, as the best marksmen in the company. On his near approach, my companion pulled the trigger, but the piece merely flashed, in consequence of the moist state of the powder. I instantly fired, and with more success, for the bullet entered his heart! He bounded from the ground, threw his tomahawk high into the air, and fell a dead man. At this moment a general volley from the rest of us totally routed the Indians, who retreated with the greatest precipitation, carrying with them the body of their slaughtered chief. Fifty lifeless forms lying in various directions attested the accuracy of our aim.

* * * * *

'Twas night. Fatigued with the exertions of the day, I threw myself upon my couch, and speedily fell into a deep slumber. A low, rustling noise at my bed-side awakened me: I looked up, and by the light of the moon beheld the figure of an Indian bending over, with his fierce eyes fixed glaringly upon me. Transfixed with terror I lay motionless, scarce able to breathe, whilst the quick palpitations of my heart seemed to sound in my ears like distant thunder. At length the horrible silence was broken by the Indian: 'White man,' said he, 'prepare to die!' I answered him not. 'White man,' he continued, holding his arm above me, so as to preclude all possibility of escape, 'up and away with us, for the blood of the Black Snake has been shed by *thee*, and cries aloud for vengeance! Arise!' I mechanically obeyed him; my limbs trembled and failed to support me, and I should have fallen back, but with a suppressed sound of exultation he seized me in his arms, and throwing open the door of my cabin, flew with incredible swiftness through the settlement, yet buried in sleep. In vain I attempted to give the alarm, my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and after two or three exhausting efforts to speak, senseless, I sunk my head upon his shoulder.

When I recovered from my swoon, I found myself in the midst of a circle of Indians, seated upon the trunks of trees, and debating in their language very vehemently. The subject of their discourse appeared to be me, as they frequently pointed in the direction where I was, reclining against a tree. At length they rose, and one addressing me in English, said—'Pale face! behold thou hast slain the noblest warrior of our tribe—the Black Snake, on whom all our hopes and expectations were placed! See what misery thou hast caused us—here!' and as he concluded he drew aside a sheet, and presented to my bewildered gaze the bloody and disfigured remains of the chief I had slain in the conflict of the morning! I put my hands before my eyes, to shut out the hor-

rid vision, and the Indian continued:—'His brethren have then determined that thou shalt DIE! (and he laid a fearful emphasis on the last word). '*Blood for blood* is the law of the Great Spirit—*thy* life for *his* life is our irrevocable decree!' On hearing these dreadful words, my limbs seemed to be new-strung with energy—the excess of terror—the prospect of immediate death—all inspired me with super-human strength. With one vigorous bound I cleared the heads of the surrounding Indians; a wide plain of sand lay before me, and without considering in what direction I ran, I threw myself forward with mad impetuosity, followed by my savage enemies, uttering wild cries. Still, on I ran; the trees vanished in the distance, and I strained every nerve to increase my speed, until the perspiration ran in copious streams down my panting body. The fearful truth at length flashed on my mind, that I was losing ground; my legs bent under the weight they had to support, and the loose soil on which I trod, gave way under my footsteps, and at every pace I slipped back half. Again and again, I made furious efforts to proceed, goaded by the cry of the Indians.—

'With heart of fire, and foot of wind,
The fierce avenger is behind!
Fate judges of the rapid strife—
The forfeit death—the prize is life!'

A large stone lay in my path; my foot dashed against it—I stumbled and fell exhausted upon the sand: and there, during the short space of time interposed between me and eternity, I took a farewell look at the surrounding objects. There was the moon shining in all her lovely splendour, and like a gem seemed set in the dark blue sky; in the distance was the forest of trees—trees such as are seen nowhere but in the Backwoods of America,—frowning in terrible majesty on the scene. The cool breeze of night played refreshingly on my face and bosom—I thought *of home*, my wife, my children, whose sweet, gladsome faces I should see no more, and with a sickening smile I closed my eyes, awaiting death. The whoop of the Indian was heard near and more near, and I felt his deadly gripe upon my throat, as he hissed scornfully in my ear—'Death! death! death!' A heavy groan was my only reply as he whirled his tomahawk around my head, and then raising it to the utmost extent, awaited the signal for execution from his chief. 'Twas given, and the instrument of destruction descended, and half buried itself in my neck. With a muttered execration upon himself for his unskilfulness, he elevated the weapon, and again struck with redoubled violence. The pain was not of that acute nature I had anticipated—it was a deadening shock. I felt the blood gush out in a continued flow; I gave a last convulsive start—that *one* which marks when the tie, uniting soul and body, is snapt, and the spirit takes wing to realms unknown,—and—and *awoke!* It was a conjuration of my brain, a phantom of my imagination—it was a DREAM!

R. S. T.

## THE NEGRO MOTHER.

[For the fact on which these Lines are founded, see The Protector of Slaves Report: Mauritius, 1829. Inserted in 'The Christian Observer,' September, 1831.]

'Twas deepest night—the last low moan
Of tortur'd slavery had ceas'd,
And far in dreams the slave had flown
From task and taunt at last releas'd.
Not e'en the cold and cankering chains,
That clank'd at ev'ry restless turn—
Not e'en the festering wounds and pains,
That bade their sable bosoms burn—
Not even these their lids could keep
From closing their dark eyes in shade,—
Torture and toil had earn'd the sleep
In which the victim wretches laid.

One only was awake—and she
Look'd round her with a frenzy'd eye,—
Her heart was full, her mind was free,
(O these the tyrant's chain defy!)
The sable stain was on her skin,
The coarse curl crisp'd her sooty hair;
But thought and feeling burn'd within,
The spark of Deity was there.
From the same source her soul had fled
As came the white's; (dull slave of sin),
A brain burn'd in her Afric head—
A heart beat 'neath her Afric skin.
(Pale spoiler—strong in art—in crime,
Time will thy victims disenthral—
Time prove that ev'ry class and clime
Holds the bright mind-spark meant for all.)

Her task was done, the day was spent;
Her little ones had sunk to sleep,
And from her eyes such tears had vent
As none but mother's eyes could weep.
'My children,' with a quivering lip,
She murmur'd o'er the slumb'ring twain,
'Soon will the driver with his whip
Wake ye once more to toil and pain!
Day after day these little hands,
And little limbs new tasks must meet—
Obey the driver's dread commands,
And crouch beneath his spurning feet.
The reckless blow, the scornful curse,
The toil beyond your years and strength—
I must behold all this—O, worse—
Be sold away from ye at length!
Then shall I shriek in the dead night,
In fever'd dreams *of ye—of ye*—
My childless bosom I shall smite
And call on death to set me free!

God of the whiteman, hear my cries!
Behold my tears like fire-rain fall—
Tear the night curtain of the skies—
Or never let it rise at all.
Send not the sun again to see
This glorious world of thine accurs'd
By bonds, and chains, and slavery,
By babes for brands and lashings nurs'd.
Is there that heaven the Christians say?
Cannot the driver reach us there?
*There* does the *white* man find his way?
Then I and mine may not despair!

Wake, my young boy, wake, wake, my girl,
Your mother means to set ye free.
Driver, defiance thus I hurl
At torture, tyranny, and thee!'

Forth with her clinging babes she rush'd—
The weedy pool their destin'd bed—
One sound on the night's stillness gush'd,
And all was silent—as the dead.

M. L. G.

## ON THE CHARACTER OF THE MAGAZINES AND THEIR EDITORS.

Et aliena negotia centum.

Mr Tatler,—My notice of the leading magazine, the *Metropolitan*, was robbed of much of its interest by its imposed brevity;—to say this and that is bad or good, might be suspected as from some poor partisan, hired to cry it up (or down) in the fashion of the day, just as it was in Pope's, Swift's, Dennis', and Curl's day:—to point out the beauties, the strength, and the excellence mentioned, would require another magazine,—if one were compelled to give reasons for one's criticism. The only test I want for my judgment lies in the thing itself; for as to taste, there may be, and are, ten thousand different sorts; but I fancy there is but one *good*: nor do I expect the constant readers of 'Fraser's,' the 'Monthly,' and 'Blackwood's' monthly allowance of smartness and conceit, to agree with me about the superiority of the 'Metropolitan.' My sincerity admits but of one more home proof, which is, that I think Mr Campbell himself but a very tiny poet; and of late, an extremely violent and crude politician; he bestrides liberty with the reflection and gesticulations of an ape, and seems prone to ride it to death. But Mr Campbell has the merit of having collected the cleverest people about him; and is himself, though not a giant, yet, very much stronger in prose than the editors of the sundry other periodicals going,—the 'New Monthly' excepted.—Before I proceed, be so good as observe that I never wrote 'lost garter,' which your printer's devil has popped in! I said 'Lust gurten.' This droll correction of the MS. might indeed create a smile, were it to come under Mr C.'s eyes, and make him think he had to do with one of the race of writers, such as figure in the 'Omnibus,' 'Age,' 'Satirist,' or 'Fraser's Magazine,' *et cætera*. I have no ambition of the smart sort, or of that pert cleverness, so infinitely too little and insignificant for every-day common sense, to say nothing of mind. I will now come at once to the leading features of the next magazine in decent estimation — the 'New Monthly,' which is (for September) less than usually good. Its 'plums' are, a good sound article on political economy, (I presume Mr B.'s), wherein he refutes Malthus and those who contend that the earth is not enough for its two-legged eaters, and that we must cease to encrease and multiply: but it touches more closely on our own island; and I think the reasoning is sensible and striking. The main point lies in assuming that we shall be all the better for our Reform Bill,—relying on the natural good sense of the people at large, not to turn it into a curse; which is most certainly now in their power. The chief weight of this hope or argument lies in the long acquaintance we have had with essential liberty. It is not a new plaything, to frighten the old and madden the young, as in France; the good it will do, and must do, is in cutting short gross abuses, in particular parts. There is little danger of its running us down to a squabbling Republic, which is the worst side of its possibilities. But the law, the church, and the revenue are all and each sadly out of tune, and now there must be an alteration in them for the better; without disturbing those ideas and habits of thinking about things, we were born and bred to like and respect. To reason about whether this is prejudice or not, is sheer nonsense. This is the only weak point in Mr Bulwer's politics; to say nothing of the taste that would break a lance for those knaves and fools—the St Simonians, and decry our higher ranks of society! The next interesting thing, if not the first in order, is 'Lady Blessington's Conversations.' How this undoes all the nonsense talked and written of a fine poet, and mere mortal, like hundreds of other young men of rank, not gifted with such acute feeling or splendid imagination. Does he like scandal and gossip, and love to unbend? Good Lord, how odd!—Does he now and then talk nonsense? Heavens! defend me from those masculine old women who lift up their eyes in fearful wonder; and those solemn fools who expatiate on it, heavily trying to square the circle! —By-the-by, Bulwer should have said that the character of D'Orsay's sketch was preposterous,—the head is cribbed from Hunt's and others, and the body is truly that of a Frenchman! Byron, we all know, had no semblance of such a decrepit anatomy, a figure like a forked raddish, with a coat hung on it! —Character, it has none but that of sickly imbecility. 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devoted to puffing all the books printed in the month—precious honest critiques they are, to clear Mr Colburn's shelves. But 'The New Monthly' is not the only, if it is the most bulky sinner, in this dirty trading work; half the sheets of the Magazines and Reviews are composed of quack's advertisements, and the puffs of works sent them ready written by their authors, with the required fee, for insertion, and the fudge flourish of—'We have,' &c. Everybody in town knows this; and of course it is considered fair, and a matter of mere moonshine. I only wonder when we may expect to see the practice discontinued; when the pages of Reviews and Magazines will really contain nothing but original matter, and the honest decisions of their poor gentlemanly judgments, without that squinting obliquity, wherein one eye is fixed on the profits of the joint-stock concern: which, being indeed joint-stock, and a large concern, is not supposed or expected to have the least particle of conscience! Go to the Editor, and say, 'My dear C——, how could you talk such egregious nonsense of that fellow, G——'s trash, in 3 vols.'—He answers—'How green you are! don't you know Scrape-pence has the critical department?' 'Well, but, those stupid dialogues in the 'Galley,' of some thick-headed sea-captain; they'll ruin your Mag.'—'Good God! how you pester; I know that; but the man has claims on me—has three shares in the concern, and egad, there's no keeping him out.'

ZERO.

## MR AUDITOR PARSONS—QUEEN ELIZABETH—'THE PEOPLE'S GALLERY.'

I SHOULD feel gratified and obliged, Mr Tatler, if you or your readers will inform me whether Mr Auditor Parsons, the friend and follower of Charles the Second, makes any figure in history (he is not mentioned in Hume, although he shared in the perils of the Boscabel adventure). I have lately met with a very fine likeness of him, by Sir Peter Lely; and have heard a most interesting account of his attachment to his royal master, from one of his descendants,—a woman of fine sense, who is justly proud of her maternal ancestor and his admirable portrait.

I have frequently thought that a national gallery of rare and curious paintings might be formed, from the unthought-of stores of private individuals, as well as from the more costly collections of the aristocracy. It might be styled 'The People's Gallery;' and those who should feel inclined to contribute the loan of their treasures for the gratification of the community, should be indemnified (from a fund, *to be hereafter formed*), for the expenses attending the removal of them to and from our gallery. I am a private individual—a female—and, unfortunately, not in possession of a single rarity; but am an admirer of those which I have met with. I remember being much interested at Frome, two or three years since, by an undoubted portrait, full length, of Queen Elizabeth, which came into the possession of its present proprietor in the following manner:—Mr C. is a land surveyor, and, on one occasion, had to transact business at the ancient and decayed village of Nunney. An old woman—a Dallimore—(if I remember correctly), and descendant of the once-powerful family of De la Mere, occupies a cottage contiguous to the ancient castle—that proud palace of her ancestors, within whose walls our Virgin Queen used frequently to sojourn. With this 'fag end' of greatness the surveyor's business lay, and he visited her in her humble abode, which was constructed of the very stones from the massive walls, that had sheltered the earlier De la Mere's from the arrows of their enemies. While conversing with the old woman, Mr C. observed that the entrance to the other room of the cottage was closed by an old dirty piece of canvass, apparently a picture; and curiosity prompting him to rub off with his handkerchief a portion of the soil, he was surprised by the appearance of that 'white wonder,'—an aristocratical hand*. 'Have you any value for this old screen, my good woman?' said the surveyor, 'No,—it were one time vound in the old castle, and so as I did want a door like, it a saved I the expence of haven a carpenter to put up a better.' 'Will you let me have it, and what shall I give you?' 'Give I?—why ye may give I half a crown, an take it, if ye vancy it; but the wind'l whizzle in mainly in the winter.' 'We shall both be gainers, for you shall have a carpenter immediately to make you a better door than this has been to you.' And away went the surveyor with his picture, which was cleaned soon afterwards, and valued at 3,000 guineas. It is attributed to Holbien, but without probability, as he died in 1544, four years before Queen Elizabeth came to the throne. The style too, is far superior to that of Holbien,—witness the wretched portrait of her, by that artist, when she was young, in Windsor Castle, which is as hard as if it were hewn out of wood.

A collection of rare old engravings would add much to the pleasure of our gallery. Within a mile of my residence, there are two or three of some value;—The Infancy of Rubens,—The Family of Titian,—A venerable Vanderveldt, &c.

Then as a ceiling for our gallery, I would represent to the owner of Lady Place, at Hurley Bottom, near Henley, that the beautiful mythological paintings in the banqueting room of that building, which are now fast hastening to decay, would be a suitable present for him to make, and for us to receive. But, Mr Tatler, we must take you with us in our next walk to Lady Place. It is a singular structure, having, as you doubtless know, many historical records connected with it. Your *urban* notions will perhaps be shocked, at strolling through the fields with a herd of blackberrying boys and girls, laughing aunts, uproarious uncles, in short, an unsophisticated merry family party; if you would, however, like the *rustic* walk, pray make one of us.

* Lord Byron says, that a white and well-shaped hand is the only distinctive mark remaining to the aristocracy.

We are so near to Buckinghamshire, that we almost expected, with a good glass, to see your Hermit of Park Lane, stretched at his ease, like an hilarious Jaques 'under the shade of melancholy boughs.' He should visit Lady Place, before he returns to his hermitage. I am Sir, your constant reader, CAMPANELLA.

*Berkshire.*

[The editor will be happy to take a walk 'in imagination,' with Campanella to Lady Place, and has no doubt many of his readers will be pleased to be of the party.]

## THE DESERTED.

BY HENRY JAMES MELLER, ESQ.

Our manor's lord was young and high,—
He sought our humble cot,
Where I had all a mother's love—
Contented was our lot!
With health upon my ruddy cheek,
And pleasure in my song,
The lightest heart and step was mine,
Of all the village throng.

Oh! those were days of innocence,
Till first I caught his eye,
As standing at our lowly door
I mark'd him gallop by;
And when he sought our roof next day
To rest him from the chace,
My girlish eyes had ne'er till then
Seen such a winning grace.

How first he won my youthful heart,
It matters little now;—
Th' undying worm around my heart,—
The curse upon my brow;—
I only know he sought a time,
When I was all alone,
And vow'd he lov'd me more than life,
In manhood's sweetest tone:

And soft he press'd my hand in his—
As seated side by side,
He swore by ev'ry hope on earth
That I should be his bride.
Alas! a simple country girl,
I little knew the while
There link'd deceit and treachery
Beneath his 'witching smile.

And oft I met him in the dale,
In moonlight's fairy hour,—
Together trod the flow'ry vale,
Or by his lordly bow'r;
Where'er we stray'd he whisper'd love,—
He dearer was to me
Than all the gold and jewels 'neath
The dark unfathom'd sea.

He wily taught me things of vice,
I ne'er before had known,
Till—curses on his fiendish guile!
He'd made me all his own.
Yet still he proffer'd faith to me—
I still alas believ'd—
A wretched, fond, confiding girl,
Lost—ruined—and deceiv'd.

And still he promis'd—and we met
As we had done before;—
My soul was his—his image fill'd
My young heart's inmost core;
But when a mother's lot was mine,
He laugh'd at all he'd said,
And proffer'd sordid gold to me;—
Oh, God! my senses fled.

My child—*his* child—soon ceas'd to breathe,—
They carried it away,
And buried it, a cherub babe,
Beneath the church-yard clay.
My poor old mother learnt my shame.
She broke her heart and died;
And I was mad and wild by turns
To lay me by her side.

The village bells rang merry peals,—
The bridal pass'd along.
With all of ranks gay splendour,
And many a jest and song;
The bride was young and beautiful,—
But, ah! the bridegroom there!—
I knew him by his stately form—
Dark eyes, and raven hair.

And as I mark'd him mid the crowd,
My sunken eyes could see,
O God! his glance breathe love to *her*—
As once it breath'd to me:
My heart felt wither'd at the sight;
With one loud shriek I fell,—
My brain on fire—my bosom then
A fierce and raging hell.

And I was turn'd wide on the world—
The mark of scorn and hate.
Ah! had I dream'd while innocent
That such had been my fate,
I had not been the guilty soul
That I've been made by time,—
The plaything of a drunkard's sport,—
A thing of vice and crime!

Oh! I am wretched beyond thought,
I dare not—dare not die—
My conscience shrinks in terror back
From dread Eternity;
And yet sweet rest can ne'er be mine,
Till tomb-weeds o'er me wave,
The victim of a villain's art,
I press a lowly grave.

## ON THE STATE OF *OUR COUNTRY*, JUST NOW; ITS PARTIES, ITS CABALS, AND ITS *PATRIOTS!*

DEAR TATLER,—Few or none of the contemporary cheap publications are conducted, as far as the chief editor is concerned, with the impartiality of yours. I am heartily sorry that the *rush* to this sort of speculation has made so ruinous,—to all save those who pander to our worst passions. I would say nothing of their *nonsense*, which would scarcely sell, were it not *scandalous* and wicked nonsense! This, however, has grown an old story:—how much of what has come down to us of this very paper, when *Swift* wrote in it, was neglected in those days, while oceans of trash beat it out of the market, by

sheer lying, impudence, and noise. This was just a hundred years ago,—the world is just the same; since then we dress differently, move about spindles and boats by steam, and fancy we are very much wiser than our forefathers in those days:—so we are in some such trifling points, and *gas lights*; but to judge by the meagre quantity of sound sense talked or written at this moment, we are even impudent blockheads compared with the best men of those days! As then, when the *Drapier* wrote his letters, the heat of battle among us is about bettering the condition of the people, and cutting short the abuses of the *few*, in whose hands the government of a country is sure to fall, the ambitious who are titled and rich, or the ambitious, who *want to be* titled and rich. It matters not what sort of *titles* there are, and whether the name be a *tribune* who plucked down the consuls of Rome, or a *member* of parliament and demagogue who plucks down *ministers*,—the *thing* is still the same. Verily, there is nothing new under the sun; only, if we do not wish to bid good by to reasonable deductions from *past experience* and infallible tendencies, the present mania for *republican* writings, and fondness for any orator and demagogue who will abuse rank and wealth to court a short-lived popularity, should cease! But then there would be no excitement—no *sale!*—so much for party scribblers. But it is just with bodies of men as with individuals,—no advice, no reason, *no experience* is of the least use: or could we imagine that the editors of the *Times*, the *Examiner*, *Globe*, *Chronicle*, in short, all the *liberal side*, would talk as they do, and make themselves as blindly the organs of a party as the Post, Standard, Albion, Bull, Age, &c. I am sick to death of both sides; the one seek to pull down everything, and *themselves* into the bargain; the other will not (until compelled) give up the grossest abuse, or the most shameful and ruinous absurdities! This foolish *party* zeal it is that destroys the side or set it affects to embrace, as those furious declaimers about *liberty* will, if they succeed, destroy all liberty. The Poor Man's Guardian is but a vile degree farther advanced in miserable reasoning, to hasten brutal confusion amo..g us, or the precious civil wars of a Charles and a Cromwell; who, after all the bloodshed, gave us a republic, only good inasmuch as that he, the *Protector*, put an end to debate by a worse tyranny than Charles's before him! Poor England, indeed, was too happy to get one tyrant. Oliver was a blessing compared with what the five hundred of parliament would have been; so of the '*Mountain*' in France; and so must we look back, still back and back, to the *three thousand* tyrants of Athens, after the appointment of the *thirty* by Lysander. The tricks, the horrors of a Nero were nothing to it; and yet *we*, who, without troubling our heads about the Greeks so long ago, seem to court the crisis that has been acted under our very noses, and while yet our children were growing up in Paris.

If we remain obstinate to each other, and money and abuse is only bandied from one side to 'tother (till we come to axes and knives), why is it that we cannot let the mighty dead lead the reasoning faculties God has given us; we have their experience and their wisdom still preserved to us in their writings in Greece, in Italy, and at home. Pitt and Fox appear to me not of the mighty dead—in opposite extremes they were both wrong—one did us great harm by accident, and the other would have done no better evidently, from the short story of his short power. I look too with contempt on the statue of Mr Canning, placed obtrusive in our path to the venerable abbey, as if in derision of our country's good, in mockery of both Houses (as they now are) and of Earl Grey! Never was there a more unlucky, or a more unhappy exhibition, than that sample of the barely tolerable degree of science of the sculptor! When I look at it, I think of such a patriot's embassy under a Castlereagh to Lisbon, his mockery or indifference to the distresses of his country; and lastly, his disaffection to his own side, which placed him for a moment at the head of all; 'twould be easy to point out the harm he did us; would that I could point out the good! I must look in some modest corner for a Chatham, when the long brass neck of this statue offends my eye as I pass, while the whole memory of the man offends my mind; and seems indeed most incongruous!

All that I have said would thus tend to nothing but the common-place, that man is ever inconsistent, and not to be trusted with the welfare of an empire; that, to such a pitch is this carried, that we scarcely know which is the worst side of the violent extremes of politics—the old cant of Whig and Tory; as at the death of Queen Anne, with a vast deal of meddling nonsense scribbled about the continent, and how much we must of necessity have a finger in the pie!

O statesmen! O demagogues! who pretend to infuriate the multitude to madness, retire for godsake to your closets, and turn to the History of Greece, of Rome, of England! See what has been done on one side by individual avarice and imbecility,—on the other, by wanton exaggeration and reckless wickedness! where the rich have been torn down, all good and bad confounded and destroyed, to create what? the same thing, or the greater evil, of still greater cupidity, ignorance and brutality! This again, in many years is mended by slow degrees to more refinement more bearable abuse, and so on. We know this, as we do that the sun shines; let us then, now that the avowed preponderence of Balance lies in us the people, let us be wise not to upset it wholly, to the ruin of our country. Rich and poor, high and low, we must have; while we are human nature, let us not imagine any one part of the community worse or better than it it, or that the genius of our island (or any land), can have anything better for the good of us all than the balance of our three estates—so sure as we destroy any part of it, so sure will it destroy all law, all order, and all security of person.

ZERO.

ages of our history, which was only conferred on the highest degree of merit. In process of time, the cognomen of Whistle-Binkie, which arose in a rude age, came to be applied to men whose intellectual powers were either put forth in whistling, singing, story-telling, or any other source of amusement that caught the fancy, and received the encouragement of their fellow-men, while engaged in their convivial orgies.' The writer having arrived at this conclusion, after demolishing a contrary theory of Dr Jamieson, proceeds to characterise several varieties of the species, at the head of all of whom, he very justly places our celebrated friend, Mr Charles Mathews. The species consist of the sons of the sock and buskin, particularly those who professionally 'dine out,' the professional singers, the receivers of a dinner-ticket, with an implied expectation of their convivial services, and a variety of amateur Whistle-Binkies; among which we find lions, and very properly, 'even the clergyman, who attends a public dinner, and says *grace* as an equivalent for his ticket; he may be considered (with reverence be it spoken) as coming under the designation of a respectable, well-disposed, time-serving Whistle-Binkie.' The preface concludes with a story of the disappointment of a party who expected in vain a couple of Whistle-Binkies; and that in consequence this little volume was compiled, in order to guard against a like disappointment, by enabling everybody to be his own Whistle-Binkie.

The collection consists of about 100 songs, which of course are of various degrees of merit, as they are also of very different styles. A great many are comic; of which we should give a specimen, but that they require, especially, the accompaniment of a jovial manner and a well-covered table, which we cannot substantially give in the 'Tatler,' and therefore prefer letting our readers have song and all in imagination.

## THE NOTE-BOOKS OF THE EDITOR AND HIS CORRESPONDENTS.

'Notes form an epitome, and contain the essence of a library, and will supply the place of it; they will travel with us where books are difficult to be met with. Take what you want out of the book you are reading, and it is done for ever; you need never turn it over any more. Incredible how useful a volume may be compiled in how short a time. Your own papers will always be found your best library.'
DRELINCURTIUS.

*Judgment and Reason, in what they consist.*

In having thoughts unconfused, and being able to distinguish one thing from another, where there is but the least difference, consists the exactness of judgment and clearness of reason, which is in one man above another. —*Locke.*

*Revenge or Forgiveness, which is most noble.*

In taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; in passing it over he is his superior.—*Bacon.*

*The Superiority of Poetry over every other human Art.*

Not with such majesty, such bold relief,
The form august of Kings or conquering chief,
E'er swelled on marble, as in verse has shined,
In polished verse, the manners, and the mind.
*Tickell.*

*Curious Illustration of the Mode in which the World is wont to show Pity for the Unfortunate.*

Curio, whose hat a nimble knave had snatch'd,
Fat, clumsy, gouty, asthmatic, and old,
Panting against a post, his noddle scratch'd,
And his sad story to a stranger told.
'Follow the thief,' replied a stander by;
'Ah, sir!' said he, 'these feet will wag no more!'
'Alarm the neighbourhood with hue and cry.'
'Alas! I've roar'd as long as lungs could roar.'
'Then,' said the stranger, 'vain is all endeavour,
Sans voice, to call; sans vigour, to pursue;
And since your hat of course is gone forever,
I'll e'en make bold to take your wig:—Adieu.'
*Epigrams.*

*The Splendid Shilling.*

Happy the man, who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A splendid shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie, or Town-hall* repairs.
* * * * *
Meanwhile, he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint,
But I, whom griping Penury surrounds,
And Hunger, sure attendant upon Want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corpse sustain;
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers.—*Philips.*

*Friendship.*

Like meteor from the marshy ground,
The more 'tis sought, the less 'tis found.

*Sublimate of Humanity.*

No honest man can boast of having leisure, while there remains good to be done, his country to serve, and wretches to relieve.

The first wants, or, at least, the most sensible, are those of a benevolent heart; and, while any one wants necessaries, can an honest man have anything *superfluous?*—*Rousseau.*

*Smollett.*

A beggar asking Dr Smollett for alms, he gave him, through mistake, a guinea. The poor fellow, on perceiving it, hobbled after him to return it; on which Smollett returned it to him, with another guinea as a reward for his honesty, exclaiming at the same time, 'What a lodging honesty has taken up with!'—*Percy Anecdotes.*

* Two noted alehouses in Oxford, 1700.

*Haymarket.*

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

We had the pleasure of seeing Mr Kean last night in *Shylock*—we never saw him to greater advantage. He was in excellent voice and in no instance presented the least indication of impaired power. We must not attempt to allude to any particular part, so many challenge notice, but we cannot but recommend all who would see a faultless personation, to avail themselves of the next opportunity of seeing *Shylock*. Nothing is perfect, and, therefore, this cannot be; let it suffice that it is the next thing to it.

Miss Smithson's *Portia* wants energy, and she is infinitely too formal.

## LADY SUSAN'S VISIT—A RAMBLE IN KENSINGTON GARDENS—ARTHUR'S FATHER.

[Letters of Margaret, No. XLIII.]

Dear Emily,—Yesterday I was too unwell to write to you, having been much distressed by an interview with Alfred Delmour. I will not pain you with the particulars; suffice it, that my former suspicions of his love for me were correct, but that a generous feeling for his brother made him fly me, until, understanding that Henry had been refused by me, he had hastened to offer me his affection and his hand. His agony when I explained to him my engagement with Sir William, and his agitation when he left me, alarmed me so terribly, that I have been unwell ever since, yet I could not resist writing him a long and affectionate letter, in which I explained my situation and feelings more fully, and pleaded for a continuation of his brotherly esteem and friendship, when time had softened his regrets. With any other man this conduct might have been indelicate and unwarranted; but from Alfred's generous mind I incur not the least risk of misconstruction, and his sorrows will be lessened when he perceives the deep interest I continue to take in them. I am very listless, and can attend to nothing steadily today. I shall try my old recipe of air and exercise to relieve my languor.

[In continuation.]

My spirits are greatly revived by the unexpected pleasure of a visit from Lady Susan. The Duke's family intend visiting York, on account of the approaching Musical Festival, and having some business in London to arrange previously, her Ladyship called upon me with a kind invitation from her parents, that Walter Campbell and I would be of their party; this request was the more readily complied with, as York is on the road to our appointed meeting with S. and Viscount Boroughdale. Sir William also declares he cannot resist the temptation of hearing fine music in the society of such friends.

We have been rambling the whole of the morning in Kensington Gardens, uninterrupted by the troublesome male folk, who would fain have shared our chat, especially the senior of the two, who assured us he could contribute his share of scandal, and could sacrifice the reputation of half a score German and Italian Principesse to our amusement; and when assured we had no need of such foreign aids for our amusement, that our conversation would be more interesting upon home subjects, my uncle had the malice to advise him, that it was his interest to be absent, as our theme would be the praises of our lovers. Lady Susan laughed archly at my confusion; for I had not yet mentioned to them my situation with Sir William, and said he was in the right; that she was impatient to recount the numerous conquests her eyes had made, and to hear my recital in return; that the dinner must be postponed an hour later than usual, and on no account to expect us until we arrived; "for what has love to do with time?" exclaimed her lively Ladyship, leading me off to the Gardens, whither we had determined to stroll during the sunny part of the day, Arthur accompanying us; and shortly we were so much engaged in interesting and minute details, that hours passed unheeded by us. Her Ladyship assured me, that her Papa had immediately perceived Sir William's prepossession for me, and determined to encourage it, as the only means of securing his friend's happiness. 'Do not blush, Margaret,' continued the flattering lady, 'to have engaged the affections of the most faultless man living, unless it be from exultation that your own excellence has been so properly appreciated.'—'Indeed, my kind friend, you only increase my humility by these excessive praises,—I that have had so peculiar an education, apart from all womanly superintendance.'—'It is that very peculiarity, Margaret, that renders you so piquant and delightful, and so superior to the littlenesses of our sex; but one thing inform me, I pray,—how will the tender, sensitive Catholic agree with the unrelenting reasoner? Have you settled the important question as to what faith your twentieth child will be? or whether it is to become the founder of a new sect? Are you on the high road, Margaret, to liberalism, morality, and materialism? or is Sir William bent on a pilgrimage to Rome for a plenary indulgence and the bosom of Mother Church? Tell me, which of these great changes is love to effect.'—'Neither, I believe; but your Ladyship should not jest on so tender a subject, the only one, I believe, where it is possible for Sir William and myself to have a difference of opinion; but that is a most important one, and sometimes makes me hesitate. I wish not to be bigotted; but believing in the Catholic faith, it is natural to wish those we love should share that feeling.'—'Mercy, you little Papist, would you revive the old intolerance of no salvation out of the pale of your church; have you forgotten sturdy Martin, who towzled the frippery of your Peter, and all the triumphs of the glorious Reformation; and that we despise you for adhering to the abominations of Antichrist, the Beast, and the Scarlet Lady.'—'I know there are many absurdities charged upon our faith, some of which perhaps we merit; but my dear Lady Susan, would you not be anxious lest the opinions of the man you loved should place his soul in jeopardy?'—'I cannot believe, my dear Margaret, that opinions merely *can* place a man's soul in jeopardy, unless indeed they lead to bad actions. Bred up in the phlegmatic Protestant creed, in a land where diversity of opinions and sects spring up daily, I cannot perhaps enter into your intense feelings on the subject; to me, that man's faith cannot be wrong, "*whose life is in the right;*" and for the rest, it would be as hard upon Sir William to oblige him to think so reverently of the flying house of Loretto, as for you to imagine the Indian and Egyptian idols a fac-simile of the beneficent God you worship.'—'I know I ought to content myself,' replied I, 'with Walter Campbell's judgment, and Sir William's indulgence on the subject of religion.'—'To be sure,' said her Ladyship; 'passive obedience is an ingredient in faith, as well as matrimony. But tell me how has the affair been arranged between you.'—'All liberality and kindness on the part of Sir William,' I replied; 'he praised my scruples, listened patiently to my fears of disputes arising between us, reassured me by saying that the very fear would preclude our venturing on the subject of debate, entreated me to follow the dictates of my conscience, and graciously invited Padre Ferguson to reside with us, as my chaplain, and his librarian. How delicate was this last nomination, as it will allow the dear old soul to think himself useful, whilst he enjoys the only luxury he cares to possess. My uncle also is to live with us (as ranger of the forests, he says, and black huntsman). Oh, my dear Lady Susan, how many blessings are in store for me! how grateful is my heart to God and my friends!'—'You are a dear enthusiastic girl,' said her kind Ladyship; 'can weep whilst your heart swells with joy, and smile through tears; and for this one quality I envy your religion of Madonnas and Infants, of rapt saints, melting music, flowers, incense, &c. &c. &c. I wish Papa had sent me to a nunnery for education. I might have then been a little melancholy and romantic; a nun's life must have its charms, that is to say, if there were no handsome cousins in the world, no harum-scarum Fitzgeralds to run away with one's heart, before the little innocent thing well knew what it was to throb tumultuously.' Here a

## ON THE DIFFERENCE DUE TO ANTIQUITY.

'Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.'

The huge oak whose gigantic limbs seem to weave around it a wall of defence to protect it from the fury of the northern blasts, and which defies aught save the ingenuity of man to uproot it, was once the sapling which a child might have broken across its knee. The man whose prejudices are so strong that he glories in their bigotry, and defies all the efforts of truth to shake his opinions, had once a mind, so weak and so susceptible, that every breeze of opinion would shake it, and every breath of popular sentiment threaten its stability. The opinions of antiquity handed down from father to son come encircled with a mysterious halo, which few are hardy enough, fewer enterprising, and still fewer industrious enough to endeavour to remove. There are many who think that whatever is old must be sound. It has stood the test of centuries they say, and shall we be wiser than our forefathers? Shall young men just springing into life presume to question the opinions of men whose mature age and experience qualify them to be judges in Israel, and whose opinions ought to be held sacred till a like length of experience and maturity of judgment shall decide their falsehood or cast a slur on their sagacity? Now if these arguments be correct, to what do they tend, but to the idea that we modern pigmies in human life never durst make a stride beyond the opinions and sentiments which our venerable long-lived forefathers were enabled to form for our use. If experience only is to be the guide of our steps, who durst measure lances in opinion with the gigantic experience of Methusaleh? or, how is it that we have ventured to transgress, maybe beyond the recorded or traditionary systems of knowledge of Seth, Enos, Cainan, Jared, Enoch, and the other worthies, who saw their sons and daughters gathering around them, and could transmit to the fifth, sixth, or seventh living generations the accumulations of wisdom and results of their experience? The answer may be, 'Young men are too prone to transgress: we admit that they have done so. It is a fact that we lament, and which shows only the rashness and aspiring ambition of youth.' But have we gained nothing by it? Is there no happiness in knowledge? Would not Cainan have felt as elated at being conveyed on a visit to Mahalabel on a railroad which he had formed, at the rate of thirty miles an hour, as in listening to the bleating of his sheep, or the lowing of his oxen? And was the condition of Seth, in all the peacefulness and vacuity of a pastoral life, more enviable than that of the man whose ardour of discovery is hurrying him over unknown seas in frail vessels of wood, braving perils and death in the noble search after knowledge? Their wants may have been simple in those venerable times, and their diseases few; but their wants were few because they had no means of gratifying them, and had their diseases been greater, they had no Boerhaaves, or Galens, or Jenners, to cure them. But allowing this tendency in youthful minds to throw off the authority of the ancients, and the experience of the aged, is a pitiable and a fearful thing, then the only conclusion we can come at, since the fact cannot be prevented, is that it is the duty of the experienced to direct the rising genius, or the opening talent, into such a train of meditation or experiment as is least likely to effect its future destruction, or to enwrap its wearisome pilgrimage with a heavier gloom of anguish and despair. Science should be represented to him as merely opening up, in a material form, the images and the operations of Him who has condescended to exhibit himself in works, which the mind may reason upon, but can never compass; and morality may be pictured out to his gaze as the fulfilment of duties which the various relations of society hold out for his performance. These are preliminary steps in which the experience of the aged is valuable, but this experience may be rendered still more valuable by inducing him to compare new facts with ancient opinions; if a difference exist it may be questioned, or must be accounted for, for an opinion inconsistent with fact, though the received experience of a thousand ages may sanction it, and weave around it a holy spell, may at once be doubted as a controvertible opinion, or scouted as a visionary idea.

SCHEM.

Sept. 24, 1832.

## TO SIDNEY.

They tell me thou'st a sunbright eye,
And such a crimson lip,
That birds and bees might round thee fly
Its cherry sweets to sip.
They say thou hast a face of joy,
All eloquent of heart,
And was I once beside thee, boy,
I'd ne'er again depart.

I can believe them, blessed one,
Not oft my fancy errs,
Such, such it painted Lucy's son—
Enough 'tis thou art *here*.
Thou needest not another claim—
Thou can'st not be exil'd,
Thy watchword is thy mother's name,
Thy title—Lucy's child.

Those words have a magnetic might—
Like day-dawn on the sea
They wake my soul's electric light
To nature's sympathy;
And feelings, fast as waves will come
All flowing, full of joy—
Come and be monarch of my home,
My little Tasman boy.

Come, come, ere o'er my shadow'd brow
Sage hairs in silver stray—
For I could frolic with thee now
And laugh the livelong day.
Come, come, and riot round my hearth
With gambols glad and wild,
Make it a very mart of mirth,
My lov'd, my Lucy's child.

M. L. C.

## NEW READING OF A PASSAGE IN SHAKSPEARE'S HAMLET.

TO THE TATLER.

Dear Sir,—I ventured to point out in a recent communication what appeared to me an erroneous punctuation of a passage in Shakspeare's Hamlet, and I gave what I thought an obvious and sufficient reason for so regarding it. The notice which your correspondent Zero has been pleased to take of the subject, as it has in no degree shaken my opinion respecting it, induces me to enter into a minuter explanation of the grounds of that opinion than I should otherwise have thought necessary. The passage is altogether a very beautiful one. I will therefore make no apology for transcribing the whole, and giving the two different readings in parallel columns, that future Hamlets and future editors of Shakspeare, and all who feel in any degree interested in the question, may, with greater readiness consider them together, and judge between them.

YORICK'S SKULL.

| *Old reading.* | *New reading.* |
|---|---|
| 'This same skull, Sir, was Yorick's skull, the King's jester. | 'This same skull, Sir, was Yorick's skull, the King's jester. |
| *Ham.* This? [takes the skull.] | *Ham.* This? [takes the skull.] |
| *Gravedigger.* E'en that. | *Gravedigger.* E'en that. |
| *Ham.* Alas! poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest; of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? Your gambols? Your songs? Your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now to mock your own grinning? Quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.' | *Ham.* Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest; of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times! and now, (how abhorred in my imagination it is—my gorge rises at it), here hung those lips that I have *kissed* I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? Your gambols? Your songs? Your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar?—Not one now to mock your own grinning! Quite chap-fallen!—Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come: make her laugh at that.' |

Attention to the foregoing lexions will show that my objections to what I have called the old reading are, first, that the sentence, concluding 'How abhorred in my imagination IT is! my gorge rises at IT,' appears to me in itself an imperfect sentence; not containing or implying very distinctly what IT is that is abhorred in Hamlet's imagination; what it is at which his gorge rises. And secondly, that the following sentence, if it be an *entire* sentence, 'Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft,' is in its isolated state, in bad keeping with the rest; not obviously connected with what goes before or with what follows it. Whereas, by removing the period which divides the two sentences and converting them into one, as I have done in my new reading, these objections vanish; the imperfections under which both sentences seem to labour are obviated; that which is abhorred in the imagination of Hamlet—that at which, with such an involuntary revulsion of disgust, his gorge rises, immediately appears; and the natural train of thought, which this intervening period had broken, becomes manifest in the connection restored between the expression of disgust and the object of it,—namely, 'Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft.' Another circumstance, which in my opinion contributes very much to the beauty of the alteration, and to the probability of its being correct, is the form of parenthesis into which those expressions of disgust are thereby necessarily thrown; for it may be observed, that always, or at least in nine instances out of ten, when any disgusting thought or object occurs to us, we infallibly preface the description we give of it, by expressing the feeling it excites, by way of introduction, in the form of a parenthesis.

Your correspondent Zero says, indeed, that least of all can the passage bear a parenthesis—but this is only an assertion, like everything else he has advanced on the subject, unaccompanied with any reason or appeal to human experience. He talks freely of drivelling blockheads—and written-down asses—and dullness and stupidity—of lame conceptions of our bard and of human nature—and of bedevilling Shakspeare with new readings; but not one reason does he give for his adherence to the old reading, or for his hostility to the new. I mention this merely for the sake of giving currency to a maxim which it would be well for the cause of truth if we always acted upon, whenever any matter of fact or reason came under discussion among us—namely, never to advance anything on one side of a question, that may indiscriminately be advanced on either; nor to make use of any means whatever in support of what we conceive to be the truth, which might equally be made use of in support of any imaginable falsehood; but simply to oppose argument to argument, and reason to reason, and fact to fact, till every cloud of doubt and uncertainty is cleared away, and truth appears in all the splendour of her own dazzling nakedness.

Another word or two to Zero. He seems to be a great enemy to commentators—but as long as men and things exist together, and as long as the wonders and beauties of nature and art lie before us, we must all be commentators of one kind or another. Good, bad, and indifferent, there will necessarily be; but even the wisest are sometimes caught nodding, and sometimes the most foolish making a judicious observation. Zero is himself a commentator, though possibly he may be on certain high terms with himself, which renders him impatient of any comments but his own. In conclusion, he says that Shakspeare is 'a mood beyond the petty inflexions of surface, and speaks to the o'erfraught heart most transcendantly expressive and *clear*. To want to alter it, is like wanting to square the majestic inequalities of the *clouds*; and so good morning to new readings.' What affinity there is between clearness and clouds, and which of the two prevailed most in the mind of Zero, when it showered down this precious 'rhapsody of words,' I will leave him to himself to ponder upon—and so *good night to Zero*.

M.

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*Whistle-Binkie, a collection of comic and sentimental songs, chiefly original; adapted for 'The Bachelor's Hall,' and 'The Family Circle.* Glasgow. Robertson.

An ingenious and amusing preface to this copious and cheap collection of songs, informs us that the term Whistle-Binkie implies a person, 'who, in his attendance upon weddings, and other convivial occasions, rendered himself so agreeable to the company by his skill in whistling, that he was allowed to sit at the *bink*, or board, and partake of the good things free of all expense,—an honour, in the early

loud scream from Arthur interrupted, and caused us to rush to his assistance; he was not far off, in an alcove with a lady and gentleman; on the knee of the former sat a great ugly cur, from whose snapping teeth the gentleman was shielding the terrified and bitten child, whilst its scowling, wrinkled mistress turned up her nose in scorn, and seemed to enjoy the snarlings of her canine prototype. 'Mamma, pretty mamma,' sobbed Arthur, rolling himself in the folds of my dress, 'dog bite your Arthur.' The gentleman apologised for the accident, and stated that, attracted by the beauty of the child, he had been speaking and romping with him, when that beastly cur,' he continued, 'envious of everything beautiful and attractive, as differing from its own loathly nature, fastened on this cherub's shoulder. I am fortunate, madam, that the proud and happy father of this child is not present, as his indignation might tempt him to inflict a severe punishment on some of us.'—'Sweetlips,' said the lady (suffering the filthy animal to lick her face all over) 'you will protect your mistress from insult, won't you, my darling?' A slight colour mounted to the gentleman's cheek; but he bit his lips, and without noticing his companion otherwise than by a sullen side-look, went on apologising to me, and entreating the child to shake hands and forgive him for having brought him in contact with that disgusting mass of deformity and spitefulness—(whether he meant the lady or her dog it would be difficult to say; I think it was intended more especially for the former; but she being apparently used to such covert attacks, seemed in no wise discomfited, or unwilling to protract the war of inuendos, until it should flame into open discord)—having comforted the child, and prevailed upon him to make friends with the repentant gentleman, Lady Susan and I were about to depart, when he begged leave to escort us to our carriage. This was too much for the patience of the dog petter, who crimsoning all over with anger, exclaimed in a sharp querulous tone, 'What, Sir Arthur, must I be left alone for two young Misses you never saw before in your life?'—'That is my misfortune; but with their permission, I shall be most happy to rank in the number of their future visitors.'—'Very pretty, very pretty, indeed, Sir Arthur; a wife, I suppose, has no claims.'—'You have your dog, madam; he is all the world in your eyes.' Shocked and disgusted at this scene, Lady Susan and I wished them a good morning, and begged him not to stir a step, that we were close at home, &c. &c.; but this intelligence served only to render him more alert, and we were beginning to look grave and insist, when Sir William came up. At sight of each other, the gentlemen started, the stranger turning deadly pale, whilst a bright crimson flushed Sir William's cheeks, and his eyes kindled with resentment. After a momentary struggle with his feelings, he turned his back upon the party in the alcove, and without uttering a word, offered an arm to Lady Susan and myself, who held little Arthur by the hand, and we departed towards the gate: the only outward sign of emotion he betrayed for some minutes was a quickened pace, and a tightened pressure of both the arms he held under his. Perceiving he was disturbed by something in this interview, although a little curious as to the cause, we instinctively forbore to question him, until he should himself explain the source of his agitation. We had nearly reached our house before he spoke. 'You will not wonder at my emotion,' he began, 'when I tell you, that he whom we just left is Sophia's betrayer, and consequently this child's father.'—'Heaven bless you for that information,' said a voice from behind. We all turned round; it was the stranger we had just parted from.—'Some such thoughts struck me,' he continued, 'when I recovered from the surprise of meeting you, Sir William; and I followed to ascertain its possibility. From the cousin of Sophia I may have merited resentment, but as the father of this beautiful child, henceforth, if you will place it under my care, you shall yourself own I will make ample reparation. Dear little fellow,'—and he stooped and caressed Arthur,—'it shall be my pride to acknowledge and foster those infant graces; they will form an admirable contrast to Lady Sedley's monstrous predilection for canine and feathered favourites.'—'If you expect me to give up this orphan child to the father whose cruelty murdered its mother, you are mistaken,' said Sir William sternly: 'never, never shall its gentle nature be crushed or taunted by the malicious, unmotherly being whom you preferred to his too loving, too confiding mother. The bitterness of this moment amply revenges all her injuries; but the sweet saint desired not retribution; learn, to your confusion, that she blessed you in her last moments, and adjured me solemnly never to seek you in revenge; to this attribute the safety you have hitherto enjoyed; but leave us, and may your punishment be the successor you have given poor lost Sophia, it is sufficient, I believe, to satisfy the vengeance of your deadliest foe.'

My heart felt sorrow for the abased, and hope-riven profligate; yet not unmixed with a feeling of contempt, as it was evident the wish of mortifying his cara sposa, mingled with his repentance and latent justice,—he stammered out something about parental feelings, and Sir William's known humanity, but this latter disdaining further parley, invited us both to return home, and without ceremony we left him to reflect upon his folly, perfidy, and the soothings of his exasperated dog-fancier.

This incident cast a gloom upon our evening's conversation, the recollection of poor Sophia could not fail to mingle in our thoughts and words, and Sir William declares that no threats or persuasions shall make him give up the child to her heartless destroyer. Walter Campbell thinks he will be troubled by importunities, and perhaps legal proceedings; in that case he declares he will place Arthur under the protection of a friend abroad. Adieu, I am tired of writing, but am ever

Your affectionate

MARGARET.

## FRENCH NOUNS.

*A New Systematic Arrangement of the Genders of French Nouns, in two parts, by Christopher Thurgar. London.* Treuttel and Wurtz, 1832.

We have carefully examined this little book, with a view to the practical question, whether or not it had any such superiority over others on the same topic, that we were bound to put it into the hands of our children rather than any other one extant. Our opinion is formed very decidedly in its favour, after adequate consideration, that it is beyond all comparison the best and most comprehensive treatise on the topic that has ever appeared.

By a newly discovered principle of classification, Mr Thurgar exhausts in less than twenty pages, and fewer rules, what has in the works of more diffuse and less exact writers taken up ten times the space. We think it our duty to proclaim this as the truth, for the benefit of all whom it may concern—to wit, —school-masters, and school-mistresses, adult learners, young students, and public critics.

In the first part, there are the results of an ex-

amination of the most copious French dictionaries, after a shrewd suspicion had arisen in the mind of the author, that inasmuch as many thousand French nouns having particular final letters were of one gender, and nearly as many thousands wanting these same letters were of the other, they might be classed solely with reference to these final letters, instead of final syllables as formerly. All the exceptions which he could find are detailed, and they are much fewer in number than they are in those systems where the rules are more numerous!

The second part is devoted to those substantives which are of both genders; Mr Thurgar here shows, by contrasted examples from the best French authors, that the use of these nouns with the masculine or feminine adjectives is never optional, but that it depends uniformly upon the particular sense in which such noun is used at the time; but for examples of this, our readers must consult the book themselves.

* *

## SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The death of this celebrated man took place on Friday last. It was our intention to have compiled for this number a brief chronicle of his life, but we are obliged to defer it till our next. In the mean time we may slightly advert to the subject of Sir Walter's pecuniary difficulties, which at present is made a subject of discussion in some of the daily papers. It is painful to think that, in the declining age of this fine genius, he should have to toil to liquidate debts, rather than to enjoy in comfort the fruits of his intellectual labours; but they who reflect on Scotland, and on the friends of Sir Walter, for not obviating such a necessity, and bring Burns's fate into comparison, forget that Sir Walter Scott derived immense profit from his literary labours, and lost it by speculation, in the shape of a connection with an enterprising bookseller. Besides, there is no reason to believe that Sir Walter's privations were very severe, if indeed he suffered any; and highly honourable as it is to his memory to have it recorded that he willingly devoted himself to renewed exertion, and in an impaired state of health, to satisfy a fine sense of propriety, it is inconsistent to suppose that he felt the exertions of friends incumbent on them; and that he did not rather find delight in an employment consonant to his habits, heightened in this instance by the additional consciousness attending the voluntary performance of an act from which he might have disengaged himself, if it had been his pleasure to do so.

## THE DEAD SEA.

That person must deserve well of the community, who shall endeavour to stem the torrent of superstition, although the abilities brought to the trial may be inadequate to the task attempted.

Among many other absurd and gross misrepresentations, which the young will have to encounter and swallow,—and afterwards eject, are the superstitions and falsehoods, related by early travellers, respecting the Lake of Asphaltites, or Dead Sea. They will read, that neither fruits nor flowers grow on its banks; that no fishes inhabit its waters; that no bird even is seen to fly over the desolate spot, &c. They will find too, that a modern writer, whose name is considered an authority,—Sir Walter Scott,—perpetuates these absurdities, in the commencement of his otherwise admirable romance of the Crusaders. 'Now, mark how a plain tale, shall put this down.' Doctor Clarke, one of our celebrated travellers, who having been on the spot, writes from actual observation, says, 'Although it is known, that myriads of fishes swim in it—that many birds haunt its neighbourhood—that beautiful fruits and flowers decorate its shores—that hordes of Arabs live near it—there are yet authors who continue to propagate the old superstitions and falsehoods concerning it.'

How much are the juvenile public indebted to the philanthropic exertions of Sir David Brewster, for his endeavours to clear away the mists and mysteries, which have so long clouded the minds of their progenitors! Many a life has been poisoned—many a one has run turbid and saddened, through its whole course, in consequence of the wicked and foul superstitions, which have been cruelly, or wantonly, or thoughtlessly stirred into its pure source!

Few persons, excepting those who have watched their effects, can be aware of the evils which accrue to the tender minds of children, in consequence of the baneful habit of relating terrifying tales in their presence: and all who are interested in the future peace of mind of the rising generation, should, if possible, prevent a shade of superstition from crossing the bright sun-light of their early years.

I. J. T.

## DESULTORY THOUGHTS ON ACTING.

Considering the universal propensity of mankind to imitation, the facility of partial success, and the number of persons who make it their peculiar study, with a view to the profession of an actor, it is surprising how few out of the number attain to a tolerable degree of excellence. This is the more remarkable, as the models for study are abundant and accessible, and serve equally the purpose of primitive instruction, and as corrections of the mistakes into which students are liable to fall. The cause of failure is perhaps, after all, not very remote, and may be no other than this: improper models are imitated, and therefore the very success of the imitator is failure, when brought into comparison with what he should have imitated. The

actor professes 'to hold the mirror up to nature,' a phrase to be taken in the most extensive sense. He is to shew us the semblance of human beings under all possible modifications of feeling, passion and circumstances; and he is to avoid everything which is never seen in nature. Actors generally fail in the latter particular, and shew us much that is at variance with, and much that is exaggeration of, their professed model; and yet in the act of failure, they often evince a capability of giving effect to the principle which we assumed to be universal. They do, in fact, imitate something, and successfully, but it is not human nature in its essential properties, but either something limited to the nature of a particular individual, or something to which bad taste, or personal defect, was at first accessory, and which obtained popularity through merits extraneous to itself, and unintentionally on the part of those who obtained it a footing. In other words, actors do not in general imitate nature as they see it around them, but as they see it in Mr Kemble or Mr Kean, or worse still, as they see it in far inferior men; in men perhaps, who pretend to teach an art they do not understand themselves, and without sending their pupils to the only true source of success. There are naturally great analogies between the imitative arts of painting and acting. Both give us imitations of something we have seen or may see; both derive something from nature and something from predecessors in the same art, and both succeed best in proportion as an impression of nature is predominant. Every art has its grand principles and its technical rules. The rules in all cases are nothing more than means to give effect to principles; and when the work is completed, it is faulty, if it reminds the spectator of either rules or art. It is useless to illustrate this position, by multiplying examples: the builder recognizes it, when he removes his scaffolding not more than the artist when he rubs out his lines; and it would seem to be the actor only, who is indifferent as to the obtrusion upon general observation of the mere pegs and wires of his profession. In considering the improvement of the stage, the subject of these desultory remarks is deserving attention, for never can theatrical performances produce the effect of which they are capable as long as actors and actresses exert their powers in a wrong direction, and neglect the source of a right inspiration.

FELIX.

## THE REGULAR DRAMA.

THE following is an extract from Mr Winston's evidence on this subject, before the Dramatic Committee:—

What do you consider is meant by the regular drama?—The regular drama I consider to be tragedy and comedy, and everything on the stage.

Burletta; do you consider that to be the regular drama?—Yes, because *Tom Thumb* was played in the regular theatres, and is printed and called a burletta.

What do you consider a burletta to be?—Recitative and singing: no speaking whatever. *The Golden Pippin* is a strong specimen of it; and *Olympus in an Uproar*.

Is *Olympus in an Uproar* the regular drama?—It is played at the regular theatres, and played under license.

Do I understand you to include every stage representation?—Of course, you must include *Olympus in an Uproar*, or anything of that kind. I think the patents or the Lord Chamberlain's license, allows them to play anything; for regular drama includes everything.

Can you state what you consider to be not the regular drama?—I do not know; that is a very difficult matter to ascertain. If they can play everything, everything is the regular drama. In short, there is no species of stage representation (including dancing and tumbling), which is not the regular drama. Pantomime also is regular drama. Pantomime is, because it was played originally at the regular theatres, time out of mind.

Do you consider pantomime the regular drama?—Under those circumstances you must consider it so, because it came out at the regular theatres.

Is Astley's the regular drama; is horsemanship the regular drama, or lions?—No; I should consider not; not lions certainly.

Is it everything that is performed at Covent-garden and Drury-lane?—It is a very difficult thing to say what is the regular drama, and what is not. It is surely time it should be defined.

## THEATRICALS.

### *Haymarket.*

RICHARD THE THIRD — MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR—IRISH TUTOR—LUBIN LOG.

MR KEAN re-appeared here on Monday in his standard character, of *Richard the Third*. Criticism on the performance is superfluous at this time of day, further than that as a work of genius, which it undoubtedly is, a fresh examination may always discover new beauties. The house was pretty well attended, and Mr Kean appeared in an improved state of health.

On Tuesday, Dowton commenced an engagement, as *Falstaff*, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Compared with his former representation of the same character, there was nothing requiring particular notice: it was certainly as rich as ever. If Dowton do not come up to the *ideal* of a perfect *Falstaff*, he at least is the best now on the stage; and remembering that the *Falstaff* of this play falls short of the original *Falstaff* of *Henry the Fourth*, there is in it perhaps nothing to object to. The spirit of enjoyment here is not, with all its frolics, so high as in its predecessor, and therefore the unction with which Dowton plays it is nearer on a level with its requirements.

After the play, a Mr Harrington essayed the part of *Terry O'Rourke*, in the farce of *The Irish Tutor*,

We cannot consider it short of a decided failure; there was both a misconception of the part, and a deficiency of the requisites for its right performance. Mr Harrington gave you the idea of a man got into a scrape, from which he would fain get out, while in reality the character is that of an impudent fellow, who possesses assurance enough to go all lengths in his assumption, and enjoy the joke as much as profit by it. Of the brogue we only got a taste now and then, and even though that little might not have been perfect, it would have been well if it had been extended through the whole performance. Notwithstanding these objections, it struck us that the new performer was only out of his sphere, and that in characters making less demand on national characteristics, with which he is evidently not familiar, he would appear to much greater advantage. We have indeed heard as much, and that his usual line of playing is quite dissimilar—something in Cooper's style, for instance. We should be happy to see this put to the proof, and our favourable impression of his comic talent confirmed, by an appearance in another character.

A Mr Burton, from the country, has been playing here, some of Liston's characters, with tolerable effect. We saw him in *Lubin Log*, and bear testimony to the oddness of the representation. It certainly was not the Lubin of our imagination, such as Liston has planted there; but as the 'Logs are confessedly a large family,' we agree that the present one may merely come from another part of Tooley street. Of Mr Burton's general merits we prefer postponing an opinion until we have seen him in something else less identified with previous recollections. Our present impression is that he has humour, but that his style is rather crude and hard.

*New Strand.*

CAPTAIN STEVENS.

It might not be prudent to predicate that the little pieces produced at this theatre have much chance of disturbing the gravity of the next generation, but it is safe to say that the management, without exercising a very severe censorship, contrive to keep up a succession of novelties, which amuse a few hundreds every night of the generation existing. The new farce of *Captain Stevens* is a favorable specimen of this limited sort of ambition. Few of the incidents are positively new, nor is there anything very remarkable in the point of the dialogue; but to say the least of it, it is pleasantly put together, keeps the audience too much employed in laughing to care a —— deputy licenser's erasure—for criticism, and agreeably insinuates, *en passant*, a homely practical truth, which may have its use when the laughing fit is over.

The principal characters are *Captain Stevens*, (Selby) a half-pay officer of Dragoons, and no-pay debtor of a numerous *corps* of unfortunates, who besiege him, from 10 A.M. upwards, for the settlement of this, that, and the other small, middling and large amounts due for clothes and wine. *Tim* (Oxberry) a servant to match, or rather to suit, excellent at keeping off intruders by his experienced facility in the use of that lie, which, for its supposed innocence, has been complimented by the epithet, white. *Harry Splashton* (Forrester) a baronet's brother, but in present possession of little more than an excellent and sagacious appetite, one coat, and a purse worse than Iago's.

The humour of the piece arises chiefly out of a single incident. *Splashton* having taken part in an affray at Vauxhall Gardens, rescues a lady, but at the expence of getting his single coat torn to tatters; wishing to call on her the next day at Portland Place, he borrows a coat with a poodle collar of his friend *Stevens*, a coat which unfortunately happens to be well known at the west end of the town by many of the assidious lookers out for the *Captain*; *Splashton* accordingly gets into all sorts of scrapes; bailiffs and creditors mistake him for the *Captain*, and at Portland Place even he is politely bowed out, owing to the over-gallant reputation of the *Captain*, whose card he incontinently sends up. We need not follow up the detail of these adventures, suffice it that before the curtain is drawn, *Splashton* falls into 8,000*l.* a-year by the decision of a Chancery suit, and receives the hand of the fair of Portland Place, whom he rescued in Vauxhall Gardens.

Besides the characters named, there is a fair share of amusement derived from the subordinate characters of *Tom Stag* (Manders), a laughing bailiff, who never looks grave but to rest himself; *Blonde* (Miss Cooke), a poetical waiting maid; and even the creditors may be laughed at, at a safe distance.

The acting is throughout excellent. Oxberry is sure to make good his footing as an actor; his humour is quiet and unobtrusive, but attains its object; and Manders, a transplant from the city, in characters of a hearty jovial caste, will be found a decided acquisition.

## REGISTER OF PERFORMANCES, WITH REMARKS.

DRURY LANE.

Saturday Sept. 22nd, 1832.

*The Soldier's Daughter.—The Irish Tutor.—Midas.*

This theatre opened with the above pieces, none of them of first-rate excellence, but all having certain points of attraction sufficient to maintain them a place on the stock list. Than the comedy it is not easy to conceive anything more flimsy and commonplace, the incidents are unnatural, the characters, so far as they are good for anything, un-original, and the sentiments perfectly gratuitous and do-me-good. Yet this comedy on its first representation enjoyed immense popularity, as a printed play it ran rapidly through several editions, and even now, that temporary circumstances have lost it some of its attraction, a few audiences every season may always be drawn together, good-natured enough to applaud its extravagancies. The truth is, the play is not without some good dramatic qualities. The author, Cherry, the actor, possessed something of the tact, if not the

wisdom of a dramatist, and he managed, by means of a few good situations, an unsparing use of common places of the generous stamp, allusions bearing on the events of the day, and above all, by the powerful aid of Mrs Jordan in the principal character, to carry the town with him at a time when the successful productions of other playwrights, denoted no fastidious taste in the public.

On the present occasion Mrs Nisbett, formerly Miss Mordaunt, re-appeared on the stage in her original character of the *Widow Cheerly*, and was received in the most flattering manner by the audience. In the present dearth of actresses in genteel comedy, this lady is a most acceptable addition to the company, possessing, as she does, besides her acknowledged talent, the attractions of a neat figure, a handsome face, and eyes of most powerful execution.

The part of the *Widow Cheerly* is not ill-adapted to elicit her particular excellencies, although not so strikingly as some other characters which she formerly played. An unsophisticated frankheartedness, a generous spirit, and a spice of hoydenish waggery, are the characteristics of the cheerful widow. These are well portrayed by her present representative, with less of boisterous gaiety, and uncontrollable buoyancy of spirit, than we can imagine in the late Mrs Jordan, but with sufficient archness and playfulness; and aided by a lighter person and superior beauty, she produces, at least, more effect than any living performer of the same part. There were many single expressions which have escaped us, in which her performance was particulary felicitous, but we may mention as passages of some length, the part in which she relates to the governor the Bengal story, and the scene which takes place with herself, *Captain Woodly* (her brother), and *Frank Heartall*, the latter supposing the Captain to be a rival of his. Altogether the scene was spiritedly played.

Of the other character we can only find space for a few words. Farren is quite at home in *Governor Heartall*, as may readily be believed by those who have seen him in *Sir Anthony Absolute*; those parts of the latter character which suit him best, being embodied in that of the good-natured *Governor*. Balls played *Frank* in a very lively manner, and with more cordiality than we could have expected: indeed, it struck us as a very creditable performance. Harley's *Timothy Quaint* is good, and is not disfigured by any inappropriate peculiarities of that humourous performer. A Mr Mathews from Dublin, made his first appearance in *Mr Malfort*; the character admits of nothing beyond 'respectable,' and Mr Mathews was up to that point.

In the *Irish Tutor*, a Mr Ayliffe, from Bath, appeared as *Dr Flail*; his person is small and plump, and his conception of the part just; when angered by disappointment, he runs out exclaiming he'll go and flog all the little boys, his manner was very sincere and ludicrous. Power made his first appearance here as *Terry O'Rourke*, which he played with richness and effect not to be rivalled.

In *Midas*, Miss Ferguson played (also her first appearance here) *Apollo*, and acquitted herself very respectably. Her voice is not of great compass, but is pleasing so far as it goes, and she has improved rapidly as an actress. Miss Cawse, from Covent Garden, and Miss Betts, were the *Daphne* and *Nysa*. Farren's *Midas* is not very striking; in his recitative he was very indistinct.

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Monday, Sept. 24.

*Romeo and Juliet—Teddy the Tiler—Midas.*

A Mr Stanley, from Dublin, made his first appearance as *Romeo*. The character was injudiciously selected. Mr Stanley possesses a good figure, a handsome and not inexpressive face, action for the most part judicious, and a voice clear and of tolerable compass, but with all these recommendations he is still very short of the requisites of a good *Romeo*. He wants the intensity and deep feeling which mark Shakspeare's lover; his voice is incapable of the necessary inflexions by which varied feeling is denoted; it is not enough that the voice drops from a high to a low key; when tenderness is to be expressed, all its tones ought to be imbued with the inward sentiment, and seem to be moulded by it. No actor can play *Romeo* well, who does not study the character as Shakspeare wrote it, and with a feeling of the poetry as well as of the dramatic energy of the part. The best part of Mr Stanley's performance was the scene in which he turns furiously upon *Tybalt* to revenge the death of *Mercutio*. Here he was suitably energetic, and in his attitudes (stage matters not to be quite disregarded), graceful and picturesque.

Miss Phillips we see is complimented by most of the daily papers on her performance of *Juliet*. We are at a loss to know by what standard. We admit that she is one of our best actresses at present (we are not liberally furnished in the tragic line), and therefore feel the less scruple in speaking of her unfitness for particular parts. *Juliet*, for instance, embodies the poet's notions of a love-sick, romantic, feeling, and imaginative girl; her words are steeped in some of the richest poetry Shakspeare has written, and in their more passionate scenes her very soul is surrendered to the intensity of her feelings. Miss Phillips's voice is alone a disqualification for the part, it is deep and sepulchral, and raised above a certain pitch, harsh and vituperative. She is infinitely better in the more subdued passages; for though she wants the girlishness, she is not deficient in a right conception of what is required, and accordingly in these she marks with some skill the alternations of the tender and persuasive. But when she becomes energetic, and there is much in *Juliet* of this quality, her voice precludes the expression of the energy suitable to a girl like *Juliet*.

Cooper's *Mercutio* is the *Mercutio* of a professor; its gaiety is all assumption. There is nothing spontaneous or natural about it.

The play altogether, indeed, was indifferently

played. Mr Stanley's *Romeo*, with all its deficiencies, was perhaps the best of the whole.

The house was miserably attended.

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Tuesday, Sept. 25th.

*Masaniello—The Irish Tutor—and the Lady and the Devil.*

Mr Braham assumed his original character of *Masaniello*, and in the afterpiece of *The Lady and the Devil*, 'the late Miss Mordaunt' played *Zephyrina*.

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Wednesday, Sept. 26.

*She Stoops to Conquer—Teddy the Tiler—The Lady and the Devil.*

In Goldsmith's pleasant comedy, which constitutes, however, almost a class by itself, Miss Mordaunt played *Miss Hardcastle*, a performance which we remember two years ago as very lively and effective: in the scene in which she passes herself off for the servant, she very nicely discriminated between a real and an assumed character.

Of Power's *Teddy the Tiler*, it is unnecessary to say more, than it retains all its pristine freshness and vigour.

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Thursday, Sept. 27.

*The Hunchback—Born to Good Luck.*

An accident prevented us from seeing more than a part of the *Hunchback*, this evening; the chief novelties in the cast of which, were the *Helen* of 'the late Miss Mordaunt,' and the *Modus* of Mr Stanley. From the little we saw, we should be disposed to pronounce favourably of both, though we doubt whether either is as good as those of the original representatives,—Miss Taylor and Mr Abbott. Miss Taylor's performance is nearly perfect in its kind; its only fault is in the excess into which she suffers her exuberant spirits to carry her, occasionally to the violation of propriety. The more regulated gaiety of Miss Mordaunt keeps her clear of this fault; but her comparative moderation, now that the town has become accustomed to her predecessor, is likely to appear short of the right mark, even if it be not so*. Mr Stanley's *Modus* labours under similar disadvantages. His youthful appearance told well as the College Student; and in the scene in which he assists to preserve *Helen* from falling, he deservedly obtained great applause, particularly when his continued close proximity to the lady, at last thawed the ice within him, and changed the absorbed scholar into the glowing and ardent lover.

The excessive rapidity with which Miss Phillips repeats some of the vehement passages in the last act, is injurious to the effect; and if also, in the very tempest and torrent of passion, she would let appear something of her early and habitual respect for *Master Walter*, she would add to the general merit of a performance which, in many respects, deserves the approbation it obtains.

We have so recently noticed at length the other performers in this play, that further remark is unnecessary.

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Friday, Sept. 28.

*Pizarro—The Irish Tutor—and The Padlock.*

Mr Macready's first appearance this season.

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M. Laporte, we understand, has again taken the King's theatre, and engaged Madame Pasta as Prima Donna.

Next week will be one of novelty and excitement among the Play-going community. On Monday, for instance, there is to be:—The opening of Covent Garden—*The Merchant of Venice, Shylock*, by a young gentleman of eighteen (Mr Henterrick, we believe, is his name), and a new afterpiece, called *My First Campaign*;—at Drury Lane, Mr Serle's new Tragedy—*The House of Colberg*;—the opening of the Adelphi, with *Rip Van Winkle, The Pet of the Petticoats*, and *Cupid*;—the opening of the Olympic, under Madame Vestris's management, with some special favorites and a new piece;—at the Haymarket, Mr Kean will play his great character, *Othello*, with Elton as *Iago*; and at the Strand *The Loves of the Devils*, a new musical Burletta.

Mr Jerrold has a new piece coming out at Drury Lane, called the *Factory Girl*. Has the novel of 'Woman's Love' furnished the subject?

* We are sorry to see in the 'Figaro' of to-day a very ferocious and unprovoked attack on this lady, on account of her appearance as the *Widow Cheerly*, 'within so short a period after the death of her husband.' If a reckless wound to a woman's feelings had not been the object of this writer, more than regard for either morality or propriety, he would have made it his business to mete out his censures with some regard to justice, ascertained whether the passages objected to were retained in the performance, and pointed out in what way Mrs Nisbett could with more propriety provide for herself without the necessity of external dependence, than by returning to a profession in which her talents were sure to obtain for her an adequate recompense. With regard to the character chosen, it need only be observed, that it is one in her usual line of acting, and one in which she made her first appearance in London: moreover, the passages alluded to were omitted. We may as well add that we are unacquainted with Mrs Nisbett, but as a performer, and only notice the subject as a relief to the disgust which we have too often felt, at the unprovoked attacks so frequent in this paper, generally on humble performers, striving for a livelihood, and now—as a higher flight—on a woman.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. T. on Slavery is received; if on consideration we should deem its insertion conducive to the cause of truth, we shall insert it in our next. Our space was preoccupied this week.

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